## ARTIST GIBSON'S "GYPICAL AMERICAN GIRL" IN REAL

Miss Le Moine, The Favorite Model of a Popular Artist.

## How Mr. Gibson Has Posed and Idealized Her in Many of His Pictures.

The original American girl is found at last, and I have found her! Not the Pocohontas on a penny, nor the girl with the poke bonnet who came ashore first from the Mayflower, but the American girl of whom Charles Dana Gibson drew a likeress which his public liked so well that he has drawn it a hundred times since then, and which other artists liked so well that they have attempted a thousand varia-tions on the original theme of his very charming composition.

For she is a living creature, the original

of this picture, which has been so generally accepted as a characteristic type of a clever, well-bred, alert, healthy, young American beauty. I have seen her in the flesh—a "meat" girl, as my little brother used to say of a living horse as distinguished from a wooden hobby. And this living, breathing Gibson girl is a lady's maid! She was Gibson's model; she posed for him morning after morning in the studio at the top of the tall building in Thirty-first street. Her picture has been lying on every drawing room table in New York from the north side of Washington square to the east side of Central Park. She has made her way, by the photo-engraving process, into the very best society in New York in this indirect way, and yet she is a lady's maid. Of course, she

And it is true, just as I tell it to youevery word of it. And this is how I know
it: One day last week I went to see Loic
Fuller, and on the trim shoulders of the
dainty little maid who opened Miss Fuller's
door for me was gracefully poised the one
and only American girl's head. I was
startled. I am often compelled in the excreise of my calling to be greatly startled
at much less startling things than this, for,
after ali, the head is distinctly a Fifth avenue head, and I had naturally expected a
head of Tenth avenue. When I saw Miss
Fuller (who is a mere incident in this narrative, and about whose irradiations and
coruscations I am not going to write one
word), I said:

After a while I saved up a little money
and went to New York. I had an idea I
could do better there and had a dreadful
time finding work. It was awful hot, the
very middle of August, and I went from
one store to another, and everywhere I
went I was told I had come in the slack
season when they were turning away girls
instead of taking on more.

"Finally I went to an agency and, just
about the time my money was all gone, I
got a position as housemald with a very
nice family. I got along pretty well there,
but I was not altogether contented and
the other servants made fun of me because
they thought I was stuck up. I don't
think it was on account of anything I
said or did. I guess it was only because
I used to shut myself up in my bedroom

coruscations I am not going to write one word), I said:

"Why, if you please, does the Gibson girl open your door, and have you got Homer Davenport's Mr. Platt for a coachman?"

"Princess, come here!" cried Miss Fuller, by way of answering my question; and the little maid with the majestic pet name came smiling into the room, a feather duster in hand—smiling with the gracious smile which the girl in the Gibson pletures wears as she looks over her shoulder at the man with the pointed beard and the tired face, who is putting her opera cloak over her satin shoulders.

said or did. I guess it was only because I used to shut myself up in my bedroom and read when my work was done; and then, I suppose, I did not look just like the others."

"Well, anyway," continued the little maid, "one night the family was working with gave a party and there were half a dozen artists there. Mr. Harper Pennington was there, I remember, and George De Forest Brush and Theodore Wores and some others I can't, remember, and I heard them talking among themselves and saying that I would make a good model.

over her satin shoulders.

"Tell us all about yourself, Princess," said Miss Fuller. And then the little unid's face assumed an expression of conscious dignity, and the Gibson chin was drawn in toward the round Gibson throat with a childish pride which made it easy to understand how Miss Fuller had chosen "Princess" for a nickname. She had, too, a little air of knowing that she was pretty, and taking it as a matter of course—an air which, I fancy, only actresses and models acquire. It was no affectation on her part to kneel playfully—one could see she was tremendously petted—at the side of the low tea table and spread her elbows on the shining wood, with the seriousness of a child trying to make a good impression.

"Go ahead, Princess," said Miss Fuller.
"Who and what are you?"

"My name is Rose Le Moine," said the cheddent reason is some of the artists who had been at the party was walking with him; and then Mr. Gibson noticed me and this other man told him who I was and where I worked. That was the way it all began. And then, for a long time after that, I didn't do anything but nose for Mr. Gibson throat was tremended to know in the seriousness of a child trying to make a good model. I thought they meant I was a model wasters, because I was trying to be so quick that night. I didn't know in those days that there was such a thing as an artist's model.

"We'll, after awhile, one day the lady I was werking for told me that she had a letter from a gentleman named Gibson, an artist, who wanted to know if she would let me pose for him for a couple of hours some afternoon. It seems that he had one of the artists who had been at the party was walking with him; and then Mr. Gibson noticed me and this other man told him who I was and where I worked. That was the way it all began. And then, for a long time after that, I didn't do anything but nose for Mr. Gibson because of the low of the lady I was trying to expression.

"Go ahead, Princess," said Miss Fuller.

"Who and what are you?"

"My name is Rose Le Moine," said the obedient young person. "My father was a Frenchman and my mother was a Cuban. I was born near Puerto Principe, about 150 miles from Havana. I can remember vaguely the big fields of sugar cane, my colored nurse with the colored handker-chief on her head, and the huge silver wedding ring. My mother died when I was a baby, and I was very little when my father brought me to Philadelphia. Then he died, too, and I was left in the care of some Quaker people way up near Tonawanda. They were very nice to me, but the one in that big picture of the Horse Show that was published in Life. I was the girl sitting in front with the little bit of a bonnet on her head."

"I knew it!" I cried, "I knew you were the Gibson girl the moment I saw you!"

"Tell us all about it," demanded Miss Fuller.

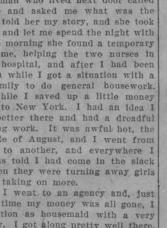
"Oh, I can't remember the names of all the different pictures, but one of them that everybody liked was "Love Will Die." He was awful nice to work for—Mr. Gibson wanda. They were very nice to me, but they were poor themselves and I had no money and was working for my board and clothes. I didn't mind the skim milk, but the Holland dresses were awful." Rose looked down at the bows of bright ribbon on her little slik approx and rubbed her cheek aginst Miss Fuller, shoulder. "I used to go to the theatre as often as I could, and after awhile I began to think that if I went on, working as a model I was fourteen, just four years ago the week bestor than posing. And anybow, I know for last, I ran away to Philadelphia."
"But how did you get there without money?" asked Miss Fuller. I could see one of the points.
"Oh, yes! I forget to tell you about that," "Good for Gibson." exclaimed Miss Fuller. "There had been a larly bour lim," & 6.29
"When I saw, you," she continued, "of how here I should it is not be Summer that," said the Princess. "There had been a larly bour lim," & 6.29
"When I saw, you," she continued, "of wang your beginning like." "Here were heard and lardy bourding with us in the Summer that," said the Princess. "There had been with her nights when she was ll, and she gave me Si by when here to be starved and when I was working for my board and clothes. I didn't mind the skim milk, but the same loss of the points.
"Oh, yes! I forget to tell you about that (a. 6.29) "Good for Gibson." exclaimed Miss Fuller. "There had been had life, and the princess." There had been had lardy so many the princess. "Said Miss Fuller." "You may now, Princess, ear." "When I saw, you," she continued, "of early ground that the princess is deal miss four the princess in said in the princess." Said Miss Fuller. "When I saw, you," she continued, "of early ground the said." The mail to will him," a first it all lovely?" said Miss Fuller. "When I saw, you," she continued, "of early ground the said." The mail to turn of the wrist that everybody notices in many powers as a first tail lovely?" said Miss Fuller. "When I saw, you," she continued, "of early ground the said." "When I saw, you," she co



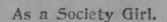
yet she is a lady's maid. Of course, she isn't an ordinary lady's maid, nor a maid for ordinary reasons. She waits on Loie Fuller, and takes care of Loie Fuller's dresses, which is no more prosale or menial occupation than to be manicure by special appointment to a rainbow or hair-dresser to a comet.

matter. I told her my story, and she took plity on me and let me spend the night with her. In the morning she found a temporary place for me, helping the two nurses in a private hospital, and after I had been there for a while I got a situation with a private family to do general housework. After a while I saved up a little money and went to New York. I had an idea I









that," said the Princess. "There had been a lady boarding with us in the Summer; time. I had sat up with her nights when she was III, and she gave me \$10 when she was III, and she gave me \$10 when she was III, and she gave me \$10 when the little mald. "But, anyhow, I had a ten-cent plece and two pennies when I got to Philadelphia, and I was going to look for this lady and ask her if she wouldn't engage me to wait on her and rub her shoulder the way I had done in the Summer. And then, when I got there, the honse was closed and the lady was out of town. I didn't know what to do or which way to go and I began to cry, and with the cagagement began, before a lady boarding with us in the Summer, and the planes story I have ever heard about him," A \$2/Q "Toll us, Princess," said Miss Fuller. "Toll us, Princess, said Miss Fuller. "Toll us, Princess, said Miss Fuller." "I don't know what I am going to do with her," said La Lole, when the little mad Lole, when the little mad about 50 can play the piano, and in trying to turn they with her," said La Lole, when the little and closed the door behind her. "She is really not fitted for service, and I little mad a mere accomplishment into a profession whether," said the Princess, deeri."

"Well," said the Princess, deeri."

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"Why did you come here to be starved and ther," said La Lole, when the little for service, and I little mad a mere accomplishment into a profession whether," said La Lole, when the little for service, and I little for service, and I little for service, and I little mad a the princess classified as they make the melton with her," said La Lole, when the little for service, and I little for service, and I little for service, and I little mad a ten-cent please with her," said La Lole, when the little for service, and I little mad a ten-cent please with the remaindance in t





